

SKETCHES IN BRAZIL.

BY THOMAS EW BANK.

THE MIZERACORDIA.

THE Mizeracordia, or Public Hospital, is a specimen of genuine Catholicity—untrammeled and unstained with qualifying adjectives. It is as noble an institution of the kind as any people can boast of. Its blessings, like those descending from above, are showered alike on every age, sex, creed, and condition; on bond and free, foreigners and natives. Wealthy individuals often bequeath their property to it.

It is also an asylum for foundlings. The boys are provided for in a building located on Botofogo Bay, and at a certain age are put out to trades. The girls reside in the city establishment, and are taught to read, write, sew, cook, etc. At each anniversary the marriageable are placed in ranks, and bachelors in want of wives often find here partners for life. When two agree to be united, the managers inquire into the character and prospects of the man—if all is satisfactory, the marriage takes place, and a dowry of 400 milreis is given him from the funds of the institution. Rich old men have here sought wives to nurse them, and to whom they have left large fortunes.

Having heard much about the daily exposure of infants, and facilities afforded those who drop them to escape unobserved, I concluded to walk over to the place of reception. This, till re-

cently, was at the Hospital, but is now in a thinly-occupied street, to the scandal of the Holy Mother of Nuns, after whom it is named. The device for receiving the infants is an upright, hollow cylinder about three feet high and as many in diameter—the dimensions of a hog's head—revolving on pivots in the centre of its ends. One-third of the side is removed to give access to the inside, and the bottom is covered with a mattress. As the width of the opening is less than the thickness of the wall, it is impossible for those on one side to see through into the other. This is the same contrivance by which occupants of nunneries communicate with people outside of the walls who furnish provisions, etc.

I walked the entire length of Rua Santa Teresa without perceiving any thing of the kind; but on returning, a board, only a few inches square, over the closed door of an ordinary-looking building, caught my attention. The inscription was decisive: "*Expostos da Miz*," No. 30." While reading it, corroborative sounds came forth. The only window in front of the house was near the door, and was, in fact, the receptacle. What I had taken, on first passing, for a green inside shutter, I now saw was slightly curved. I touched it, found it turned readily, and the opening came in view; when—confusion!—a bell connected to it within sounded violently! For a moment I hesitated; but when the inmates of a house opposite raised their windows to see who was dropping a foundling in the daytime, I beat a quick retreat.

SAINT ISABEL.

I had intended to devote the 2d of July to the Public Library; but it was a high Church-festival, and the anniversary of the Mizeracordia, when an interesting public interview takes place between two Church ladies. "Who is Isabel!" repeated E—, at breakfast, in replying to my inquiry. "Why, she is the mother of Saint John and cousin of Our Lady. She is the protectress of Hospitals. To-day is *The Visitation*. Our Lady will leave her home in the Carmo Church to visit her cousin; but Isabel will meet her half-way in Dereita Street; and after embracing each other, they will proceed together to the Mizeracordia. The apartments of the female foundlings will be opened to the public. Young men attend to select wives for themselves; the Emperor and court will be present. You had better go." I thought I had; and if the reader be of the same opinion he will accompany me.

The procession is advertised for half past nine A.M. It is near that time. Allowing half an hour for the walk, we can reach the place by ten. And here, at the House of Mercy, we are. The Largo in front is covered with mango leaves; a regiment of the line is drawn up and its fine band playing; but the preparations are not finished, for workmen are busy hanging tapestries from the upper windows. The door and that of the chapel adjoining are trimmed with scarlet



RECEPTACLE FOR FOUNDLINGS.

damask. The troops are of all colors—an assemblage of the three marked varieties of our race—black, red, and white skins—with every shade from Indian-ink to chocolate, and from cinnamon to chalk. One of the officers is very pale and wan. Spectators begin to assemble; among them are ladies with their heads dressed as for fancy balls, and no covering on their bosoms but amulets and jewelry. The majority are short and plump as partridges, and so also are their husbands. Here are little boys dressed like old gentlemen, flourishing shoe-buckles and walking-canes, and small misses decked like elderly ladies.

The *Carmo* is one-fourth of a mile off; suppose, instead of standing here, we turn in that direction, and see what the friends of Our Lady are doing. We go, and meet her as she issues from her sanctuary. The procession is headed by three men abreast, the middle one bearing on a stave a small cross, and each of his companions an artificial bouquet surmounted with a burning candle. The Carmelite Brotherhood, in cream-colored copes, follow with lighted tapers. Priests, monks, and chanting functionaries, a goodly number, come next; some in white and some in black *sutains*—several wear scarlet stockings, and not a few have cambric tippets. The next official is a "*Thuriferario*," swinging a smoking censer. Behind him, and last of all, comes "*The Lady*," leaning on the arm of a Bishop, whose conical mitre is decked with rubies, or stones resembling them. Two dignitaries bear the train or lappets of his outer robe.

There, they're past. But how's this? Not fifty spectators following, and hardly a dozen decent-looking persons among them! Of a truth, the street part of the pageant is mean enough. Business people are obviously getting tired of such things, and often, as in this case,

pay no more attention to them than we do to militia companies returning from shooting-matches. I hesitated about joining the shabby escort; but a wish to view the affair minutely, induced me to raise my hat and fall in immediately behind the Lady.

After passing the distance of a couple of blocks, I would have given a dollar to have got decently out of the business. We were all brought to a dead stand by the Bishop. Stopping as deliberately as if he had been in his private chamber, he handed the Lady to one of his associates, slowly drew forth a handkerchief, and blew his nose *secundum artem*. Full half a minute elapsed ere he resumed his sacred charge, and we moved on again. It was about the coolest thing I ever witnessed.

Continuing along the street, music at length was heard, and presently a banner, a cross, and a crowd were seen approaching—Isabel and her servants. She had heard of her cousin being on the way, and came thus far to meet her. (I quote popular language on the subject.) There she is, and see! Both Ladies fly into each other's arms, and remain locked together for nearly a minute. Now they draw back, gaze a moment on each other's faces, and Isabel once more throws herself on her kinswoman's neck, Our Lady meekly receiving the caresses. But the patroness of the Hospital recovers herself, goes to the left of her guest, and a little in advance, with open hands invites her onward. Thus they proceeded, Isabel turning every few yards to repeat the graceful welcome. As soon as we arrived at the Largo, the troops presented arms to the cousins, the band struck up a lively tune, and the clapper of the chapel bell rattled away most lustily. People thronged to salute the Saints until they got inside.

After resting a little, Isabel is to conduct Our Lady through the wards of the sick and con-



THE MEETING OF OUR LADY AND ISABEL.

valescent, and introduce her to the Foundlings. While they are thus engaged we can minute down their appearance. One thing must have struck every stranger like myself, viz., the contrast of their dresses with those of their attendants. Their gowns were neither new nor newly washed. Originally straw-colored, age had dyed them brown; scattered specks of gold flitted about the skirts—relics of rich flounces—and made matters worse. It seemed unaccountable, where public reverence was to be excited, how the managers could allow them to appear in drapery so unbecoming. The feeling elicited (I speak for myself) was exceedingly disagreeable, and even rendered still more so by their soiled—decidedly soiled—arms, necks, and faces. The crown on Our Lady's head, and the halo of rays on that of Isabel, served to heighten the unfavorable effect.

Had they been ragged street-girls, picked up for the emergency, less attention could not have been expended on their persons and attire. To be sure they were low in stature, and little folks are apt to be neglected, especially when dumb. Neither exceeded twenty-five inches. The Bishop bore Our Lady, reclining on his arm as an image-boy carries a plaster statue in our streets. When she was about to meet her cousin, he raised her upright, and held her with both hands by the ankles in that position till Isabel came up. Both were then inclined till their faces met, and they had taken a long embrace. While they were in contact their bearers brought their own faces nearly to touch, and speaking for the wooden Ladies in an undertone, exchanged salutations for them. I was within two feet of both at the time. The Bishop spoke first: he stammered and smiled; and when he got through, the other, a hard-featured man with no ornament on his head but his tonsure, replied in behalf of Isabel, and finished by causing her to make a low obeisance to her visitor.

I now entered the Chapel between a couple of guards with fixed bayonets. Large as some churches, it has four subsidiary shrines, besides the chief one facing the entrance. After trying in vain to recognize the presiding deities, I turned to go out, as the place was too warm and crowded to be comfortable. But lo! all exit was prevented by transverse rows, deep and wide, of kneeling ladies, a phalanx there was no breaking through. I therefore squeezed, with others, into the Vestry. Here were halberdiers waiting for the Emperor, who shortly made his appearance, passed through, and took his seat in a pew prepared for him near the High Altar.

He was in plain dress, except a blue coat with epaulets large enough for Goliah's shoulders. The Empress, in black, sat by him, and her ladies behind them. Their entrance caused no stir. One of the managers of the hospital read the annual Report. When he ended Mass began, at which the young ruler was perfectly at home—anticipating every kneeling and rising movement, crossing himself with amazing

rapidity, he was through the operation before members of the cabinet near him were half through. This act, the reader knows, consists of upward of twenty distinct motions of the right hand and arm, and these motions he ran over with miraculous velocity.

Twice an assistant priest came from the altar with the missal for him and his spouse to kiss: they buried for a moment their faces in its leaves. At another part of the ceremony a gilt case, five inches by three—like a thin book with embossed covers—was passed to them for the same purpose, and then carried up and down a double row of senators and ministers of State, whose lips the priest touched with it; not, however, till their lips had received a preparatory purification. A *thriferario* preceded the bearer of the case, and, coming in front of each senator, bowed to him, raised the perforated vase, threw a couple of scented clouds over his breast and features, made another obeisance which the recipient returned, passed to the next, and so on through the whole.

After Mass there was a sermon. The service became exceedingly tedious, and the air noxious. Every one was weary. Pedro and his wife rose to depart. A few boys and women snatched their hands to kiss—at which they were not a little annoyed, and with reason, for the Empress appeared haggard and ready to faint. Nothing like a smile crossed Pedro's stolid German face, from his coming in to his leaving. It seemed as if he had been taught to suppress every motion of the kind as derogatory to his station. He entered his carriage at the door and drove off in silence; there was not a buzz of applause nor a *viva*.

Before Mass began the two Lady Saints of the procession were brought in, when a small accident happened to Isabel. Her bearer was prevented by the crowd in front from placing her steadily on her shrine, and she fell, knocked over a couple of sacred candlesticks, and would have tumbled to the ground had not a gentleman immediately in front of me fortunately caught her.

I now re-entered the Vestry, and met my friend Sefior R—o, who had been looking for me to accompany him through the Foundling apartments. Upward of one hundred girls, plainly but neatly dressed, were ranged along the four sides of a large room through which visitors passed. The greater part were under ten or eleven years—a few might be twenty—three or four were over thirty. None are ever sent away against their wishes. Their sleeping-rooms were every thing that could be wished: four single beds in each. None were married to-day. Applicants for wives must leave their names and address, that their characters and circumstances may be ascertained. In the school-room were very creditable specimens of writing. From the dining-room we went to the *Cozinha*, where the large brick *Fogao* stood in the middle of the floor, as they appear to have often stood in Pompeian kitchens.

The reader need not be told that Isabel is the modern representative of the goddess *Misericordia*, to whom Greeks and Romans dedicated Houses of Mercy for the miserable and unfortunate. In the early adoption of heathen deities and customs under Christian appellations, the attributes and functions of that popular deity were assigned to Elizabeth, the mother of the Baptist.

One word on the performances in the Chapel and Church services generally. I may be prejudiced—most of us are when out of the circle of influences in which our habits and opinions have been formed; but this manual, labial, tibial—this sprinkling, smoking, painted, pantomimic, histrionic worship of the Creator—this system of externalage and gilded similitudes that sensible mortals would sicken to be complimented with, does seem out of character with the present times. In some respects it surpasses in grossness the grossest idolatry. The communion of North American Indians with the "Great Spirit" appears to me more consistent and refined. True, it was practiced by our ancestors; but that was when they were little better informed than are modern barbarians. The images are better carved and more neatly dressed than those of Feticism; but the principle involved in the introduction is the same in both.

Can not the human mind in civilized society dispense with images when savages can? If religion be a living principle in the soul, it can have no more attraction for, or need of such things, than of bricks and mortar, or any other form of inanimate substance, no matter how men, to magnify themselves, may attempt to ally them with worship.. With just as much propriety might heaven be confined, by ecclesiastical monopolizers, to persons of particular trades as to those of religious professions—to carpenters and shoemakers for example—for Christian virtue has quite as much affinity for wood and leather, as for creeds and ceremonies and these strange paraphernalia.

However well intentioned the unknown authors of the physical worship of gods and dead men by means of images and their endless accessories may have been, and however expedient or justifiable (if either term be admissible) its application to Christianity in darker times, it surely is not necessary now. But national and minor hierarchies never purged themselves. Enlightened only from without, they have ever been the last to yield to conviction. Still, the world in religious matters is advancing; it can not do otherwise where science is cultivated and Galileo left free to pursue it. And what is true science but a manifestation of the Creator in his works? And what are they but "Revealed Truths," given us to study, and which no one can study aright without becoming wiser and better, without feeling his nature rising into higher phases of existence, and his affections throbbing with gratitude to the Parent of the universe for the ceaseless wonders of his beneficence here displayed.

CEMETERIES—BURIALS.

In Rio, as every where else, life is a medley. Tragedy and comedy, death and diversions, farces and funerals, are mixed up together. No matter how popular the amusements, innocent the sports, or universal the joys, the Great Intruder can neither be softened nor cajoled, and to him monasteries are as attractive as masquerades.

In the midst of the Intrudo—revels the Friar Barboza, Secretary of the Historical and Geographical Institute, expired. His demise is deemed a loss to the country, he having been considered the most devoted man in it to literature and science. I attended his obsequies at the Paula Church, and there witnessed the transition from childish gambols to the solemnities of a funeral; from the heyday of life to contemplate its extinction. Variable in his nature, man alternates between grief and joy—the poles of his existence—toward one or the other of which he is ever veering.

A friend of the deceased and I went early, and had time to look about before the ceremonies began. The church stands at the head of Ouvidor Street, flush with the pavement, and is relieved by poor-looking dwellings on either hand. It is of the prevailing style. Two square towers support the central part, whose peaked pediment is surmounted with a huge bronze cross. The towers run up a story higher, each finished with a dome, resembling a boy's inverted top, and the peg set off with a brazen chanticleer—the symbol of Peter and of vigilance.

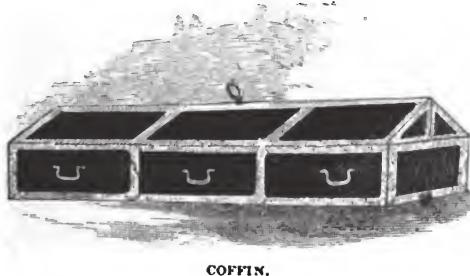
The interior is a long, high, and airy saloon; the floor clear of encumbrances; no aisles, columns, pews, nor aught else to intercept the view or interrupt one's movements. Light is admitted at the sides, near the arched and richly carved roof, through semicircular windows, through the three street doors, which as usual constitute the entrances, and also at three windows over them. The further end is wholly taken up with the High Altar, a rich affair with numerous candles burning. Above them stands the Saint, carved, draped, and painted to monkish life. Against the side walls are six more shrines, three on each side, with their images of natural dimensions, so that in this place are seven altars, where seven distinct saints can be invoked, and where all or nearly all of them are consulted daily.

This temple honors ignorance as well as superstition in the person of its patron, Francis Martotile, a Calabrian monk, who burying himself in a cell, acquired, as Fakirs acquire, notoriety by disgusting mortifications. He renounced fish, wine, meat, stockings, shoes, beds, soap, and razors, besides rigorously cultivating mental destitution. The usual result followed; he, like other dirty gentlemen who lived and died in the odor of sanctity and filth, wrought miracles. His fame induced that old tiger Louis XI. to drop on his knees before him, and implore his intercession with the Saints for a prolongation of the monarch's days—a miracle too great for the monk and too good for the

penitent. What he can do for people here of whose country he never heard, it is not hard to tell.

The only sign of a funeral was a kind of sarcophagus-looking stand in the middle of the floor, similar to the article furnished by undertakers. Four feet from it on either side, stood a row of nine gilt candlesticks of classic patterns, five feet high, with candles to correspond. A negro mason was at work, cutting a door-way into the left wall, some fifteen feet above the floor and near the altar, for an entrance to a new pendent or swallow-nest pulpit, about to be put up to correspond with one opposite. About a dozen persons were in, and all moving and looking about as if on change, except an elderly female, who came in and seated herself upon the matted floor within the balustrade. She crossed herself, and gazed awhile intensely on one of the side images. Three colored women, also in black vails, appeared and seated themselves beside her. These were the only females present. As I leaned on the rails close by them, a well-dressed man of fifty came up, and kneeling near me, touched with his right thumb his head, eyes, nose, cheeks, chin, mouth, shoulders, and breast. Then, without rising, he gazed round, looked at the negro working in the wall, nodded to me, and kept twisting himself about to see what was going on behind him.

Negroes brought in huge trays of mammoth candles, and piled them near the door. A number of gentlemen soon after entered, and, with those already in, ranged themselves three deep on either hand, forming a living passage from the door toward the altar; and presently we all held lighted tapers, resting one end on the floor, and inclining the upper one forward to prevent the sweating material from descending on one's hands. Two hundred of us thus stood, like soldiers at drill with muskets, in the same position. As currents caused the melted wax to accumulate beneath the flame, it was unceremoniously thrown on the floor by bringing the tapers for a moment to a horizontal position. The officiating priest next entered, followed by others bearing the coffin, which they quickly placed upon the stand.

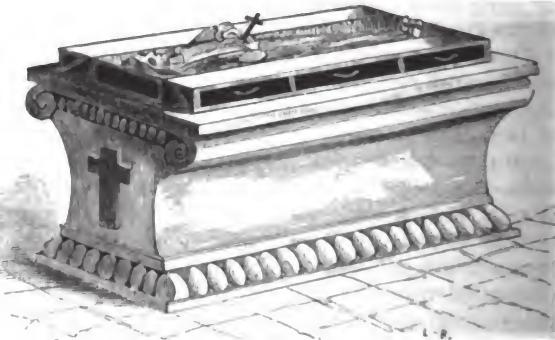


COFFIN.

Coffins here are not like ours, being of the same width and depth throughout, and so shallow that the face, folded hands, and feet of the corpse appear above the edge. The covers are

peaked like the roofs of houses, consisting of two boards meeting in the middle at an angle. Hinged at both sides, they open along the ridge so that either one half or both may be thrown back. When finally closed the only fastening is a small padlock.

When placed on the stand the folding lids



COFFIN OPENED.

were laid back, and the deceased secretary, from where I stood, appeared as in the sketch. While the priests walked round the coffin, chanting, swinging censers, and sprinkling the corpse, the black mason above, resting on his crow-bar, was a conspicuous beholder of the ceremony.

We now were about to witness the mode of burial; one of classical antiquity, and which to my mind commands itself as far superior to ours. The cemeteries of Rio adjoin the rear or sides of their respective churches. They are not seen from any street, nor opening directly into any. At first I wondered where they were; and when I found them, I wondered more at their limited dimensions. The dead are not interred in graves, nor concealed below the surface; instead of extensive burial grounds or subterraneous excavations, room for four thick walls, of which the side of a church commonly answers for one, is found sufficient. As these places are on one plan, a description of this of St. Francisco de Paula will give a general idea of all.

Passing out through a side door we entered a quadrangular area bounded by four high walls, with a continuous shed or roof projecting inward, leaving a central space open to the sky, occupied by a few marble tomb-stones. The niches for the dead, wrought in the walls, were a little over six feet by two and a half, eighteen inches high at the ends, and two feet at the middle, the roof forming a low arch. All are plastered and whitewashed. In hot weather they would be no bad resting-places for the living. I was no longer surprised that people here are mostly buried without coffins, and especially as all are entombed in their clothes.

Here were three tiers of niches, each continued round the place. Those that were occupied have the fronts bricked up and plastered over. All are numbered; no other mark or lettering. Their tenants occupy them too



CEMETERY OF THE PAULA CHURCH.

short a time for inscriptions or eulogies to remain.

The coffin was now placed on a temporary platform close to a niche in the middle tier, into which it was slid with the covers open. A handkerchief was spread over the face of the deceased by one of his friends; then, in succession, priests and friends stepped up, one at a time, and with a silver sprinkler handed by the sacristan, threw holy-water on the body, and emptied a small scoop of powdered quick-lime, which an attendant held ready, upon it. A bushel or more of lime was thus disposed, until it entirely concealed the body, and was heaped over the trunk. A priest used the silver sprinkler once more, poured something out of a small perforated box, and the church ceremonies were over. We now put out our candles, leaned them against the walls, whence black attendants removed them.

A gentleman now drew a paper from his bosom, and for half an hour read a eulogy on the dead. A second, third, and even a fourth oration was thus delivered; at the close of which the President of the Institute closed the coffin lids, locked them, and handed the minute key to a relative of the defunct. Thus closed the interesting rites. Several officers of State, of the military, and members of the Senate, etc., were present.

In half an hour the front of the niche was bricked up, and covered with a coat of white plaster.

In this mode of inhumation nothing like cor-

ruption takes place. The lime consumes the flesh, and in two years the bones are taken out, and placed in a rose-wood or marble vase, or burnt, and the ashes preserved. The niche will then be whitewashed, and ready for another tenant.

The cemeteries of Rio are literal copies, on a smaller scale, of the sepulchral structures of the Greeks and Romans.* The form of the coffins here is also of remote antiquity. Originally of stone, and placed in the open air, their roofs were formed after those of houses, and with the same view—to allow rain to run off. Stone-sarcophagi of this

description are counted among the oldest of ecclesiastic monuments in Europe.

Two of the orations were published. The style is too figurative for colder latitudes, but is characteristic of the genius of Brazil. The deceased had been ambitious of political, as well as of scientific and monastic fame. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, took an active part in the revolution, and urged Pedro to assume the title of "Emperor," as one more imposing than that of "King."—An extract from the best of the panegyrics is added:

"Almost a quarter of a century after the consummation of the famed fact—the creation of a new empire on the earth—Death has come and snatched away a chief actor in the great drama, of which the principal actor was the son of kings, the beloved Prince of Liberty in the Old World and the New.†

"He is dead who, in that epoch of enthusiasm, proposed to the new sovereign the title of Emperor, and who, undaunted, raised his voice in the midst of bayonets, to anathematize an oppressive policy, designed to reconquer in America the irreparable past, to suspend chains in the throne where kings had been seated, and

* See Moses' collection of vases, tripoda, altars, etc. Plate 114 represents one discovered in Rome in 1746. It has six rows of niches. Plate 113 exhibits another belonging to the Livia Family—all above the surface of the ground.

† This was Pedro I., whom the Brazilians expelled for his tyranny.

from which flowed facts that rendered a regress to slavery impossible.*

"The New World was not shaped to be measured by the hands of a pygmy. The mouths of the Amazon, Madeira, Xingu, and Guayba, were designed by Providence for a people of giants; and for a prince who, from the summit of his throne, must one day have conference with the universe, and mark the track of his high destiny! The conception of this grand idea was not sufficient for the genius of the man who now rests in the bed of death, but day and night, with his ardent and creative soul, he worked to complete it.

"Twenty-six honorary titles adorn his memory, and in eighteen illustrious societies was his name proclaimed that of a sage.

"Brazil must shed tears for the loss of the Canon Januario da Cunha Barboza."

"BLACK BENEDICT," THE NEGRO SAINT.



H—— having, according to appointment, joined me in Dereita Street, we turned up an old and narrow lane, named after the Praying Abacus, Rua do Rozario. At the head of it stands the ancient metropolitan temple, now a negro church, and the only one conceded to the colored population. Here are saints not met

* That is, to make Brazil revert to the condition of a province after the return of John VI. to Lisbon.

with in other churches, and to them our visit was intended.

At the door were three alms-boxes; on one the African's own patron, curly-headed "San Benedicto," was painted; on the second Luzia, with a pair of eye-balls in her hand, appealed to us; and on the third stood "Our Lady of the Head"—N. S. da Cabeça—holding a human head suspended by a twine or lock of hair; reminding one of Judith bearing off that of Holofernes.

Entering, we found the place a picture of desolation; nothing visible but bare walls, ceilings, and decayed floors. The principal image, and those of the six side shrines we had come to see, had vanished. The saints had left their niches, viz., Nossa Senhora do Rozario, N. S. da Conceição, N. S. da Cabeça, N. S. do Bom Fim, Santa Anna, San Antonio, and San Benedicto.

The sacristan appeared, and led us into the vestry, a large room, on one side of which an altar and apparatus were fitted up. Every thing looked old, mean, and worn-out, for want of soap and paint. Being asked where the saints were, he said four were put away in the garret till the church is re-edified, and the other three are there—pointing to the altar. We drew near, and contemplated the Lady of the Rosary, or "Do Terço," as she is sometimes named, of the natural size. On one palm a naked infant sits, and from the other a string of beads—her emblem—hangs. Near her stands the popular Goddess da Conceição, five and a half feet high. Her child is in a frock and sash, which once were white and red, but now are neither. From her arm is suspended by a ribbon a fresh wax votive head—a female's, and differing from any yet seen. Its ear lappets reminded one of an Egyptian head-dress. In front of these ladies is Benedict himself, black as jet, and rather low in stature; the baby in his arms being any thing but a white one.

Here are by far the best-shaped wax votos to be found in Rio. Of seventeen heads not one had blunted or inexpressive features. Five had been taken from a bust of Demosthenes; part of the females were also from classic models, and two, judging from their bull necks, were Neros or gladiators. There were three breasts, several abdomens, and a couple of hands. Inquiring why there were no legs, arms, eyes, and feet, our informant said there had been many, but they fell and were crushed.

While making memoranda in front of the altar, I was startled by a groan at my elbow. I turned, and lo! a white man, of forty-five or fifty, on his knees almost in contact with me. He had come in "on woolen feet." One arm was bandaged and in a sling. He was cadav-

erous and evidently very sick. His languid eyes were fastened on one of the images, to which he began to pour out his sorrows in a suppressed voice. I withdrew, and joining H—— pointed to the supplicant. "Yes," said H——, with a shrug, "he told me yesterday he was coming to see if Nossa Senhora do Rozario would stop the running sore in his arm." "But why come to a black church?" I asked. "Because during the last eighteen months he has been to every white one without being able to interest a single Saint in his behalf. The Lady he is now consulting has her shrine in this place, and saints, like physicians, must be called on at their residences. Many whites come here for assistance, and some make vows even to that Blackamoor."

Our presence and talking, and the noise made by two romping colored boys, disturbed not in the least the poor man's devotions. In seven or eight minutes he crossed himself, rose, bowed to the Lady, dipped a finger in the lustral basin, and went noiselessly away, giving H—— a sign of recognition as he passed.

We were about to follow, when an extremely old and infirm female came tottering in bare-footed with the aid of a staff. She was nearly blind, had lost her teeth, and was the oldest slave I ever saw. She stood awhile to disengage from her skirts a rosary composed of beans. A few coppers were put into her hands; she rolled her yellow eye-balls, gasped and gurgled her thanks, approached the altar, and knelt close to the patron and kinsman of her race. We left her communing with him—probably the only consolation left her.

The cemetery of this church is large. The niches for the dead are four deep, and all tenanted except two.

"Black Benedict" is generally considered an imaginary Saint, got up by the Portuguese with the view of more effectually keeping slaves in subjection. I have interrogated several priests on the subject, including Father Tilbury, an English monk, but not one could say who he was, where he dwelt, nor how and when he became canonized.

The portrait of him is a fac-simile of his "blessed picture" given out to his devotees, and worn in their bosoms. As a specimen of art, it is a fair sample of those of other Saints. In some few churches lithographs have been introduced for those who contribute bills instead of coppers. At one Saint's feast I noticed three qualities of the portraits given out.

SAINT ANTONY AND HIS MONASTERY.

We spent the best part of two days in St. Antony's monastery, an irregular pile of three-story buildings, located on one side of a hill, dedicated to and owned by the most popular of Brazilian minor divinities. The ascent, wide and paved, winds up at the rear of the Carioco Fountain. Here and there a slave was asleep, reclining against the dead wall on either hand, while almost every where were revolting nuisances committed by them.

There are several Antony's in the calendar, and one is often mistaken for the other. He who had such amusing personal conflicts with Satan was of Egypt, and not a few of his acts and powers have been ascribed to his namesakes. It was he who, centuries after his death, began to cure people of a disease not heard of while he lived—one that, from his success in treating, still bears his name. He only should be pictured with fire and a pig—not, as the wicked might surmise, to indicate a favorite monastic dish. The early appearance of erysipelas in Europe—association of the Saint and pigs with it, etc., will be found accounted for in the subjoined extract from Gabriel d'Emilliane's History of the Monastical Orders, 1693:

"In the year 1089, a contagious sickness, called the Sacred Fire, a kind of very dangerous leprosie, having spread itself into several parts of Europe, those of the Province of Vienna, in France, had, at last, recourse to the Relicks of St. Antony the Egyptian. They say that whoever did call upon him was delivered from the Sacred Fire; and contrariwise those who blasphemed or took the name of St. Antony in vain were immediately, by the Saint's unmerciful vengeance, delivered up to it. This gave occasion to Gaston Frank, in company with some other persons, to institute, in the year 1095, the Religion [Order] of St. Antony, whose principal care it was to serve those who were tormented with the Sacred Fire. They represent St. Antony with a fire kindled at his side to signify that he delivers people from the Sacred Fire. They paint a hog near him as a sign that he cures beasts of all diseases: and to honor him in several places a hog is kept at common charges and called St. Antony's Hog, for which they [the people] have great veneration. Many will have St. Antony's picture on the walls of their houses, hoping by that to be preserved from the Plague. And the Italians, who did not know the true signification of the fire painted at his side, thought that he preserved houses also from being burnt, and they call upon him on such occasions. As for the Fryars, they know so well how to make use of the power of their St. Antony, that, when they go a-begging, if one does refuse what they ask for, they threaten immediately to make the Sacred Fire to fall upon him; therefore the poor country people, to avoid the menaces and witchcrafts of these monks, present them every year with a good fat hog apiece. Some Cardinals and Prelates endeavored to persuade Pope Paul III. to abolish these wretched Begging Fryars, but they could not compass their good design; and these Monks do subsist yet to this day in several places, though the sickness of St. Antony's Fire be now very rare."

This old establishment contains good specimens of carving; and the chapel, without a tithe of the gilt that glistens in others, is a gallery of paintings, which, if not miracles of art, are exemplifications of the miraculous. They may not equal the best productions of Raphael or of

Annibal Carracci of Bologna, but they are attested copies of the works of an individual deemed vastly more gifted than either—viz., Antony of Padua.

The plan of the chapel is two parallelograms of unequal width (the smaller one the chancel) joined end to end. The entrance is at the wide part, only half of which is appropriated to the audience. We are standing at the door, and see! yonder at the opposite extremity is Antony over the High Altar and facing us. Two minor shrines are near the junction of the chancel with the chapel. One is occupied by a female, and opposite to her the original image of "Black Benedict" stands. Large as life, good-looking, his crisp hair shorn à la tonsure, he bends over the prone baby in his arms and is hushing it to sleep.



ST. ANTONY OF PADUA.

For half an hour we were alone. No person entered except a slave belonging to the Monastery, and he merely peeped in. I endeavored to take a full-length portrait of the patron of the place—a stout-built gentleman, rising five feet, and draped in a black gown, braced round his waist by a tasseled cord. No other article of his proper dress is visible, but he is loaded with accessories. Curving outward his left arm, he grasps with the hand a closed book, the cover of which constitutes a pedestal for his baby—without which he is never seen. It is a pretty thing, resting with one foot on the volume, the other in the air. Its stature is fifteen inches. It wears pantalets, a white silk frock with sash, and gold-laced tucks. Tiny frills go round its neck, a crown is on its head. A ball in one hand, and in the other an artificial nosegay. Between Antony's right arm and breast a cross-

headed staff shoots upward, and with it a bouquet. Thus far there is nothing very remarkable. But in his right hand is (what I first took for a walking-cane) a marshal's baton, over his shoulders a broad red military sash, on his breast the star or cross of some militant order, and, as if to mark still more emphatically the hero, his brows are encircled with a wreath, in the manner of a Roman conqueror.

"What does that mean?" I exclaimed.—"Mean," replied H——, "why, that he is a Knight Commander of the Military Order of Portugal and Brazil, belongs to the regular army, is commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel, and receives his pay monthly the same as every other officer."

"Come," said I, "no poetry. Antony a soldier and commander of a living regiment! It won't—" At this moment a monk came in suddenly through a side door close to where we stood. Making a reverence to the saint, by bringing one knee nearly to the floor, he turned inquiringly to us. Under thirty, fat, rather short, but of a handsome mien—a fair specimen of a Brazilian—my companion spoke and told him I was a stranger, desirous of going over the saint's establishment. With a dubious glance at the memorandum book and pencil in my hand and then at myself, he asked, "Is he pious?" The answer was satisfactory; and, sure enough, what H—— had said of the martial offices, dignities, and salary of the saint was all true. The monk spoke of him in the character of a "general," and I asked, why give him that title if he is but a colonel? The answer was ready: according to Brazilian etiquette every Knight of the Grand Cross is entitled to the insignia and honors of the highest rank: hence, in common with his brother knights, Lieutenant-Colonel Antony, though wearing neither stockings nor shoes, is complimented with the badges and dignities of a general.

We now turned to the paintings. While gazing on one rather intently, I risked my reputation with the monk by inadvertently turning my back on the general, a piece of forgetfulness deemed incompatible with true devotion. I ought to have been on my guard, inasmuch as at another church I had been reproved for a similar offense.

The subjects are incidents from the life and deeds of Antony. I shall notice a few only.

- At the mouth of a well, over which a chain and pulley are suspended, stands an enraptured monk. He has just raised the bucket, and with it a small image of the saint. The story is this: The brother of a monastery whose duty it was to draw water, lost the bucket from the chain. Distressed and not knowing what to do, for the well was very deep, the saint at length inspired him. Drawing from his bosom an image of the general, he sent it down. On reaching the water it caught hold of the floating bucket, properly hooked it to the chain, and rose with it, to the delight of the lay brother and the edification of the brotherhood.

2. The saint in *propria persona*, acting the part of a surgeon *extraordinaire*, is fixing the foot of a living person to the limb from which it had been severed. A young man, said our cicerone, once kicked his mother. He went out and met a stranger, who startled him by saying, "He that kicks his mother should lose his foot." Conviction seized the culprit; he returned home and chopped off the offending member. His injured mother came in, began to cry, and before he bled to death picked up the foot and took her son with her in search of the stranger. He was close by, and recognized as St. Antony. Seeing the youth repentant he immediately healed him. The foot, in drawing nigh to its proper place, sprung out of the saint's hands, like the keeper to a magnet, and the line of separation was not visible.

3. Meeting some Turks, they reviled him. One more violently wicked than the rest, was strangely punished. Both his eyes flew out of their sockets into Antony's hands. The saint is painted with one between each finger and thumb, and the screaming sinner kneeling before him. This was evidence too awful for Mohammedans to resist. They were converted, and the saint returned the balls to their gaping voids, where all became right again.

4. "What of those horses kneeling before the saint, and Turks standing near?" I asked. One day St. Antony was raising the Host as Mohammedans were passing. They derided and refused to kneel. To convince them of their error, he told them to bring their cattle near. They complied, and, to their amazement, the brutes set them an example of devotion by bowing down before the good man and the wafer. It was observed to our expounder that this miracle had been explained, by saying some grain had been put into a cavity, which the hungry beasts could not reach without kneeling. "That," said he, "is a lie."

5. Two of the largest paintings are devoted to the greatest of his miracles: Preaching in Pavia, he stopped suddenly in his sermon, and, agreeably to ancient practice, requested his congregation to repeat a short oration or prayer. In the mean time he leaned down in the act of meditation. So he appeared to his audience, but in reality he had left the church. Our Lady had made known to him that his father had been arrested in Portugal for murder, and was at that moment on his way to the gallows. By her aid he arrived before the rope was passed round his parent's neck, and, as the pictures show him, stopped the posse, consisting of the judge, sheriff, hangman, and crowd. The murdered man was in his coffin close by, and on him the saint called. The corpse obeyed the mandate, threw off the cover of the shell, sat up in it, and proclaimed aloud the innocence of the accused. Antony saluted his father and returned instantly to Pavia; arriving as the congregation finished the brief prayer, he raised his head and concluded his discourse without his absence having been suspected.

Our reverend commentator was in his element. He dwelt with pleasing unction on a dozen or two more. Several had an irresistible influence over the muscles of our mouths; and the negro, who had come in again, exposed every molar and incisor in his head, nor could the Father himself always keep his own eye-teeth out of sight. With charming naïveté he said to H—, "These stories can do no harm. If all are not true, most of them are."

The Vestry is a splendid room, paved with red and white mosaics. The ceiling is paneled and covered with rich paintings by an old *negro slave*. The walls, for four or five feet up, are cased with painted blue and white tiles, illustrating the life of the saint, and the rest with paintings on the same fruitful subject. The carvings of bureaus and round the doors, in high relief, are very superior. The Lavatory occupies an adjoining room. In the centre is a marble basin, shell-shaped, eight feet over, and from it rises a column, at whose angles inverted dolphins deliver the water; the whole surmounted by a draped female statue of "Puritas," some twelve feet from the floor.

Having obtained permission to show us the library, our cicerone led us up stairs to a large room overlooking a great part of the city and the bay. When the door was unlocked and thrown open, what a blast of damp and mildew came out! Pausing till fresh air could stream in, we spent an hour or two among the books and admiring the ancient furniture. Here are between five and six thousand volumes. Heavy tomes on Canon Law, Monastic Orders, Miracles of Saints, History of Byzantium, Works of the Fathers, etc. The only English book was a life of Milton. With the exception of a work on magic, I did not see a volume of special interest; nor did I open one whose leaves were not glued together by damp, and of which large portions had not been devoured by ants. In a few years the whole will have perished.

The Saint as a Soldier.—When the Royal family arrived from Portugal in 1808, Antony was only Captain of Infantry—the same office held by him in Lisbon; but before returning to Europe, John VI. raised him to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy on the staff, to the great displeasure of older officers, who bitterly complained of the promotion as a violation of all military rule. Besides his salary of 960 milreis as Lieutenant-Colonel, he appears in other grades in the army list, and receives pay and rations accordingly for services in other provinces. I extracted the following from the National Budget for the present year, from the Pension List:

Milreis.

San Antonio de Goyas	Granted Nov. 18, 1750, 192
" de Minas, by royal mand.	Feb. 28, 1799, 480
" do Mouraria . . .	Granted Sept. 5, 1800, 120
" da Parahiba . . .	" Dec. 13, 1809, 75

Besides these, I am told that he figures in other characters as a creditor on the public ledgers. As the whole affair was strange to me, I inquired how the money was paid, to whom, and how disposed of. The answer was, that here,

in Rio, the abbot of his monastery receives it, and expends it on the Saint's person, on his clothes, washing, and ornaments, wages for his servants, and other expenses of his establishment. To silence my scruples, I was furnished with a copy of his receipt for his last month's salary, signed three days ago. A literal translation is subjoined:

Pay this,
BASTOS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL.
No. 363.

Received from the illustrious Lieut.-Colonel Manoel José Alvas da Fonseca, Treasurer and Paymaster-General of the troops of this Capital, the sum of Eighty milreis, being the amount of Pay due for the month of May last to the Glorious Saint Antony, as Lieut.-Colonel in the army.

To manifest the same, I sign this receipt.
Noted Folio 6, Father Miguel de Santa Rita,
LIRA.

Rio de Janeiro, June 15, 1846.

Paid, João Caetano d'Almeida França,
ALVES.

Ex Syndic Procurator.

Antony as a Saint.—To impress me with his manifold virtues in this character, a pious lady loaned me a small volume, "Compendio de Orações." Lisbon, 1814. In the "Week of Love to St. Antony," the form of address on Mondays is "Oh, my Saint Antony! Wonder of wonders! Credit to Omnipotence! Model of humility! Mystic Doctor! I offer thee two Ave-Marias, and supplicate thee to ask the baby Jesus in thy arms, the virtue of humility." On other days, devotees use the following: "Oh, St. Antony! Treasurer of Italy! Precious Stone of Poverty! Human Angel! Prince of Heaven! Sun of the World! Atlantes of Virtue! Star of Spain and Portugal! Wonder of Nature! Brilliant Sun of Padua! Doctor of Truth! Trumpet of Heaven! Hammerer of Heretics! Abyss of Sanctity! Rule of Perfection! Column of the Catholic Church! Honor of the Seraphic Religion, and most Beloved of Glory! I offer thee thirty-six Ave-Marias in honor of the thirty-six years during which thou practiced so many miracles!"

Again: "Do we look for miracles? St. Antony makes death, sin, sorrow, errors, and devils flee away. He is a prompt medicine for every disease. He takes us out of prison, delivers us from pains, and *all lost things he finds*. Perils he banishes, and to every one gives succor. Padua confesses all this. Pray for us, Good Antony!"

Another passage—if the reader is not out of breath—explains why he is represented with a child. "Oh, glorious St. Antony! who merited to receive from the hands of the Mother of God her only baby into thine arms!" This was the highest of honors. No other saint received such a mark of favor. It is, moreover, said there was much trouble to get the infant from him, so unwilling he was to give it up: hence it is the common practice of his worshipers here, when they get out of patience with him for delaying to comply with their wishes, to threaten to take the baby from him. Nothing, a devout lady says, is more effectual than such a threat.

Intimating that Nossa Senhora, at the time Antony lived, had no baby to put into his arms,

I was told she, by miracle, made one for the purpose!

As the restorer of lost things, Antony is constantly appealed to in the cases of runaway slaves, stray horses, mules, and stolen furniture of every description. Senhora P—— has great devotion for him. She carries his picture in her bosom, and, like thousands here, keeps an image of him in her house. Not a day passes without her addressing him. I took the liberty to ask what she wanted him to do for her now? She had lost a silver spoon! To convince me that he was "a very miraculous saint," she mentioned that he had sent one of her mother's slaves back after a long absence, and how a valuable one of her own had ran off, and been forced to return. This last confessed that the tortured image of the Saint used to appear and tell him he must return.

The treatment of Antony is peculiar to him. When other saints do not comply with requests preferred to them, resignation is a duty; while in such cases he is scourged, bruised, abused, and tormented in every imaginable manner; and, what is strange, this is said to be agreeable to him! The measures adopted by Senhora P—— were such as her mother had recourse to. She took Antony—a figure, about the length of one's hand, of pottery, but more commonly of plaster of Paris—placed a lighted candle before him, and besought him to send the fugitive home, and to mind and give him no rest till he returned. A week elapsed, and he came not; another and another passed away, and still no tidings of him. She then took the Saint, laid him, with his face downward, on the floor behind the door, and put a heavy stone upon him, that there might be no intermission, as in flagellations, of his pains. I asked, "Why treat him so severely?" Then came the stereotyped story: "St. Antony wished to be a martyr, but as Our Lady did not permit him to have that honor, he loves to be afflicted in his representatives, and very often will not listen to his friends until they are tormented." As soon as the fugitive was recovered, the load was removed from the back of the little sufferer; he was washed, put on a covered table, two candles lit before him, and the best thanks of the lady presented with a courtesy.

It is common with some to put the uncomplying Saint into ovens, and throw him into ash-pits, and never to take him out except to thank him, or to chastise him; but the most general punishment is consignment to a dark and wet prison. Every house in Rio has a shallow well or cistern in the yard of brackish water rising within a few feet of the surface. In these the Saint is immured. So common is it "*to put St. Antony into the well*," that the expression is proverbial for having lost something. H—— says he had a slave who ran off, and was caught and returned in a few weeks. On communicating the news of the recovery of the fugitive to his family, his wife led him to the small well in the yard, and opening the cover, showed him An-

tony suspended by a cord just over the water. She had placed him there soon after the slave was missing. Of course he was drawn up, like Jeremiah out of the pit, and complimented with thanks, and a couple of candles, and the slave reminded how useless were attempts to escape the vigilance of this heavenly negro-catcher. There is no doubt whatever that many slaves are recovered by means of the Saint, singular as the remark may appear. The tortured image, like one of their native idols, haunts their imaginations, and constant dread of some terrible evil befalling them, compels, especially those recently imported, to return.

Great numbers of six and seven-inch Antony's are destroyed by angry devotees. I heard of disappointed lottery speculators hewing them, like Agag, in pieces; others throwing them into the fire during the prevalence of rage; so that if the Saint did not seal the truth with his blood as he desired, scarcely one of his representatives escapes being martyred.

A few days ago an advertisement of a lost ass appeared in the "Journal," a daily paper. The animal had been taken from a garden belonging to the monastery of Saint Antony, and a reward was offered for its recovery; so that it would seem while he recovers other people's lost cattle, he can not find his own—at all events, that his friars have more faith in newspapers than in him.

Both the monks and the institution are unpopular. Of several recent law-suits they have not succeeded in one. A house is being erected by a private individual on ground claimed by them. They have protested against the intrusion, but that is all. Some time ago, a similar outrage induced the abbot to appeal to the Government. Carneiro Leon, an enlightened statesman, was Secretary of State. After hearing the complainant he replied, "Well, we don't want monks, and the Government itself wants the convent grounds." The frightened father fled—perhaps to appeal to Antony? "No, no," said a native friend, "friars know better; they tell simpletons to do that."

Besides real estate, their means are swelled by bequests, proceeds of "blessed" prints, scapularies, medals, money for masses, and for consecrated habits for those who desire to be buried in them—a superstition quite common. Men, women, children, and youths, being frequently entombed in the garbs of monks and nuns—the wealthy paying high prices for them.

Underneath the little pictures of Antony distributed to his devotees, is engraved the following: "His Excellency the most reverend Bishop of Rio, and Grand Chaplain to the Emperor, Don Manoel do Monte Rodrigues d'Araujo, on visiting the church, whose patron saint is represented by this image, grants to all those who repeat, before this image, one Pater Noster and one Ave Maria, forty days of indulgences. 1842."

AJUDA NUNNERY AND NUNS.
ON reaching the foot of the hill we observed,
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on the opposite side of the street, one of the heavy doors of the Ajuda Convent open, and stepped into a paved area around which the dark walls arise. Of the two tiers of windows the lowest is fifteen feet from the ground, and all inclosed with massive gratings that remind one of the condemned cells of Newgate. At the side furthest from the street is the apparatus by which persons without communicate with the interior. I had read of the ancient device. A rectangular opening, about four feet high and two and a half wide, is cut through the thick wall, the upright edges being worked concave. A strong wooden cylinder or drum is made to revolve vertically in the opening, and to occupy it wholly. Suppose the staves of the cylinder be removed for one-third of its circumference, you have then a revolving cupboard, into which any article put in at one side of the wall is instantly received at the other on simply pushing round the opening, and without either sender or receiver having a chance to get a glimpse of each other. The sides of the drum enter the concave sides of the wall, and its bottom and top extend within the stone work. The width of the opening into the drum is only half the thickness of the wall; so that in no position of the drum can a spectator see any one within.

While we stood by a negro brought a parcel, put it in the closet, clapped his hands as a signal, and turned the dumb waiter half-way round. Thus money, letters, food, and all articles required are passed within. If sweetmeats have been ordered by friends or visitors, the price is put on the shelf and the next moment the bonbons come out.

We strolled to the further extremity of the same side of the Square, where there was a similar machine, and near it a strong door with a small brass plate, full of minute holes, through which the invisible abbess, or her deputies, can see who stands without. Casually touching this door it yielded to slight pressure. Here was a temptation to step into a nunnery; for none but our two selves were within the spacious area. To have some color for pushing the hinged valve back, one of us gently knocked. No one answered, but some object behind moderately opposed its being opened. By little and little the opening was enlarged, and our courage with it. We squeezed in, when my companion, in a whisper, said, "This is the office of the portress. She has left for a moment, and, not dreaming of intruders, placed her old, high-backed chair against the door. She'll return anon, and will give the alarm if she find us here!"

But the way into the interior was not so clear as we imagined; still, we got a view of the machinery adopted in such places to prevent intrusion and desertion. The small apartment opened into a large, long, and, verily, a strong one. A paved floor, high whitewashed walls with nothing to break their monotony, or let in light, that we could see, save a single opening, eight feet square, and level with the ground. This communicated with a wide and dim pas-

sage into which we could not get; for there was no entering the large opening in front of which we stood. The stone wall through which it is cut is four feet thick, and on each side hangs a gauze curtain whose threads are inch bars of iron: those forming the woof pass through loops in the warp, and the ends of all are buried in the granite blocks. The interstitial spaces are between three and four inches. A rather larger aperture is at the bottom, and through it small things are passed across on the blade of a wooden shovel, as appeared from one lying ready for the purpose.

If, as is said, nuns are happy in their cells, for what purpose then, in lands where law prevails, are these massive walls, gratings, bolts, locks, and other devices? Even shackles, it is admitted, are not wanting in this place. No felon-prison can have a better system of securities. What alliance can there be between the gentle, willing spirit of the Gospel and so much iron? Penal statutes suffice to prevent people from breaking in; what need of such devices, if not designed to keep those confined from breaking out? These thoughts I addressed to my companion, who said I might stay till the doorkeeper returned and ask her. In two minutes more we were in the street. Through what passage she had disappeared, after blocking her door, we could not imagine.

This was the first and last time I got into a nunnery. Into the chapel fronting the street I often stepped.

There is no entering ecclesiastical institutions here without being reminded of their heathen originals, and of the little change they have undergone. Every popular phase of ancient worship was early adopted. Rituals of the temples, and the temples themselves; the different orders of priests, and their imposing costumes; the entire system of symbolism; of praying through the medium of images and other physical representations; praying for the dead, and to the dead. The various religious orders, too, including mendicant and monastic, are of pagan parentage, with all their peculiarities of dress and discipline—their shaven crowns, knotted cords, reliques, rosaries, and squalor.

The institution of Vestals was reverenced at Rome. Numa, the Consuls, and the Emperors patronized them; the rich made presents; the pious bequeathed legacies; and the superstitious sought admission for their daughters. Commanding general respect, they were introduced, under Christian appellations, into the Church. Substituting the Virgin for Vesta, the old rules, penalties, peculiarities, etc., seem to have been received without material revision, and also the plans, arrangements, securities, general economy, and management of the nunneries.

The cloistered virgins of the Ajuda pass their lives in much the same way as their sisters of antiquity—separated from the world, from parental and family influence, dedicated to a goddess “Nossa Senhora da Ajuda,” donning a particular habit, their initiation accompanied by

cutting off their hair, vowed chastity, and subject to death for its violation, strictly secluded, extraordinary means employed to prevent their communicating without the walls that inclose them, under the surveillance of a matron and a system of espionage that sifts out their very thoughts, subject to the control and punishment of the bishop, no male persons allowed to visit them except those interested in retaining them, and permitted to hold free converse with none else.

The Pontifex Maximus chastised pagan nuns for offenses, and his modern representative does the same thing. If Christian nuns are not now put to death for violating their vows, they once were; and but for the increasing intelligence of the age, would undoubtedly be again.

The inmates of nunneries, it is asserted, “are happy”—“even those who enter reluctantly become reconciled and content.” Here are a few Rio facts in illustration.

1. H—— told me he was acquainted with four sisters, all of whom were forced by one or both parents, into the Tereza Convent. Years elapsed, and the father died, when three, all that were alive, by appealing to the Pope, eventually got out.

2. A merchant, whom he also knew well, took an only daughter out one day a-visiting. The carriage stopped at the Ajuda Convent. The young lady tripped up the three or four outer steps without observing the place, the doors closed on her, and her parent drove off. She had refused a husband selected for her, and was immured two years before she yielded her consent and was let out.

3. A poor woman, with a slight peculiarity of manner, is occasionally seen in the Cattete. She passed the window twice yesterday. “Sister Paula” and her melancholy history are known to many families in the Gloria parish.

Of respectable lineage, she was born and brought up in the country. Amiable and intelligent, she unfortunately became rich in her own right on the death of her mother. Her father and brothers coveted her wealth, and found means to gain over the abbess of the Ajuda. A chest, perforated to admit air, was provided by the unnatural villains, and in it the poor victim was hurried from her residence (some leagues distant from Rio) to the convent. She resisted all attempts made to force her to take the veil, and in a long course of years managed to escape three times, but implored in vain, with a heart bursting with anguish, for mercy from her kindred. The last time it was her brothers who drove her back, the father being dead. Nature at length gave way. The punishments to which on these occasions she was subjected—chastisement, want of food, shackles, and other tortures, known only to the fiends that inflicted them—broke her down. Reason fled, and she became irrevocably insane. Her persecutors took undisturbed possession of her property; and some, it is said, still enjoy it—if, indeed, they can enjoy it or

any thing else. Of her, they know nothing. A nun has neither worldly relations nor wealth. Every thing, even her name, is taken from her, and all natural ties are forever sundered.

The abbess permitted her—imprudently, as many think—to go at large. She is over fifty. Her disease is of a mild type. For several years she has made out, by charity and her needle, to hire a room and buy the little food she wants. She constructs wax and feather flowers, makes "baby saints," and assists in dressing images for the festivals. Dwelling near the Lapa Church, she is employed every Christmas to fit up in it "the Cradle and the Baby God." All churches have, at that season, an exhibition of this kind. Most have new bed-clothes and dresses; but some have the old ones furbished up and used again. Sister Paula sometimes quarrels with the brotherhood, and loses an order "to dress Our Lady and her Son." At lucid intervals she will speak with a few confidential friends of the inhuman treatment of her brothers and the abbess. At other times she says an evil spirit possesses her—"one too strong for the friars of St. Antony to drive out." Poor lady! she is right. Hers is a wounded spirit, which requires a higher power than that of any dead or living saint to heal.

3. Senhor L——a, of the Larangenas, Ex-Councilor of State, has an aged relative in the Ajuda Convent—a first cousin to his mother. She has at present charge of the garden, which is as much concealed from the public as the interior of the building. Having been abbess, she is known as *Mother Anna Tereza*. This venerable lady was in her youth one of the handsomest girls of Rio. She formed an attachment which her father did not approve of, although her lover was every way worthy of her. By the influence of her parents he was shipped off to India, and she carried directly to an endless imprisonment in the awful Ajuda. Distracted beyond endurance, for months horror and despair preyed on her: she was tempted to end her miseries by suicide. A year passed over—another, and others, till her soul, crushed by griefs, yielded to her fate. Urged to take the veil, she consented; but ere the ceremonies were quite over she awoke as from a lethargy artificially produced, and burst into such a torrent of abuse of her parents and family, who were witnessing the rite, the abbess, convent, and the whole system of ecclesiastical fraud and tyranny, that for a moment all stood aghast! And but for a moment! It was evident she was possessed! Under this belief she was gagged, borne off to her cell, confined by cords, and punished no one living knows how but herself!

Time, that subdues all things, at last tamed her. Forever excluded from the world, and without a friend, relative, or acquaintance in it—to her all was lost—she consented to live and adapt herself to her hard lot. She became a favorite, and was twice selected abbess, which office she has filled for eight years (an election takes place every four years). Let us hope that

the victims sent in under her administration were differently treated than she had been.

It must not be supposed that the law could interfere. No civil officer could (nor can) enter a convent to serve process there; and under the old régime a father had unlimited power over his daughters. The only redress was: 1. Through the bishop; but while the abbess was in collusion with parents, the victim might wear her fingers to the bone in writing petitions before one could reach him. Not a scrap can enter or pass out without her consent. 2. The bishop had to appeal to Lisbon; and, 3. Through the ecclesiastical authorities there, the Court at Rome had to be consulted.

In the second volume of "Transactions of the Geographical and Historical Institute of Brazil," is a notice of Don Francisco de San Jeronimo, the founder of this convent. A holy man, he wrought miracles; two are cited: When coming over from Lisbon the ship took fire; he prayed to God and Our Lady, and instantly the flames went out. A favorite servant became diseased in his legs, and, after trying several methods of cure, the doctors proposed amputation. On hearing this, the Saint prayed over the sickly members, and they became sound ere he rose from his knees.

